

**HAND AT THE**  
**WATTS USED TO**  
 tell us how  
**That a four-**  
**wa'ta Fourth**  
 without any  
 noise  
 He would say, with  
 a thump of his  
 lucky stick,  
 That it made an  
 American right  
 down se  
 To see his sons on  
 the Nation's day  
 Sit round in a sur  
 of a lifetime way,  
 With no cration  
 and no train-  
 band,  
 No fire-work show  
 and no rest beca  
 stand,

It is once—ah! long, long years ago;  
 For grandfather's gone where good men go—  
 One luck, but Fourth, by way of our own,  
 Such short-outs as boys have always known,  
 We hurried and followed the dear old man  
 Beyond where the wilderness began,  
 To the deep black woods at the foot of the  
 Hump.  
 And there was a clearing and a stump—  
 A stump in the heart of a great wide wood;  
 And there on that stump our grandfather  
 stood,  
 Talking and shouting out there in the sun,  
 And firing that funny old flint-lock gun  
 Once in a minute, his head all bare,  
 Leaving his Fourth of July out there—  
 The Fourth of July—used to be so—  
 Back in eighteen-and-twenty or there-

THE SHAM BATTLE.

A Fourth of July Hero Who Won  
One Victory at Least.

### A Fourth of July Hero Who Won One Victory at Least

As it is a Revolutionary town, Springfield is all alive whenever the Fourth of July arrives. It hangs a flag from the steeple of a church, and the boys place bibles. The town folk talk of their "independence," and spend money for fire-works. On the "Fourth" of which I write it was decided that the day should have an unusual celebration, and, to their delight, the boys in the military academy were to be the principal actors in the affair. They were to have a drum battalio, a Revolutionary battle-ground, and to beat the English over again. Half of their number were to dress as the American soldiers dressed, one hundred years ago, and half were to wear such uniforms as were worn by the Hessian yagers of that period.

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Poor Barry was not to realize his triumph, after all. The teachers in the school assembly did not dare offend Mr. Fleming, and they decided that Herbert should be given the coveted generalship. Barry was told that he must command the Hessians!

Nobody knew what his disappointment was. Nobody knew how he shut himself into his room and fought a battle with his ugly feelings toward his school fellow and with his own disappointment. The boy's pride was wounded, and he felt that he had been defrauded.

He had taken his place with the other boys, and he had been chosen the officer that entitled him to the favorite generalship. Why should he be forced to give it up? He would have refused to take any part in the sham battle if it had not been for his father. Barry did not want him to share his disappointment. He said nothing about the affair and consented to represent the Baron Knapphansen.

While the chattle was in progress, and during the time that the want of wadding was discovered, Mr. Dinwiddie said that this good man did not stop one moment to vent his grief when the dreadful news arrived. He did his duty before he uttered one lament. A poem, by Eret Harts, told exactly what he did: "For they were left in the lurch  
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church  
Broke the door, striped the pews, and dashed  
out in the road  
He took the rest of hymn-books, and threw  
down his load  
At their feet." Then, above all the shouting  
rang his voice! "Put Watts into 'em—Borers  
give 'em Watts!"

And they did! Mr. Dinwiddie declared that the British army was driven

to be killed, and how the rifles were loaded and fired, surrounded with harmless blank cartridges. The sergeant would tell you all about the real smoke, the real racket and the real enthusiasm that accompanied this pretend, undressed battle. But I am no soldierier and therefore I could never do the subject justice.

On the occasion of which I write tonight, the Generals were unhappy, and this proved that greatness does not always bring contentment. The Baron Knyphausen found fault with everything, and I was surprised and thinking bitter thoughts about him. Herbert's uniform was very handsome, and he rode the spirited black mare like a little warrior. Why, he actually wore spurs, and when he pricked the beautiful animal she curveted and pranced in true martial fashion. Poor Harry could

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When Barry reached the road it was at a point in advance of the black mare. Herbert was clinging to her back, and she came on, frothing at the mouth, and still in a frenzy of fear. Barry caught her bridle as she tried to rush past.

ning. She was furious at his interference. She roared on her hind feet and tried to strike him with her front hoofs. She even tried to bite him, but he held on with wonderful courage and endurance. He realized that she was gradually becoming subdued, that she was stopping, that his school-fellow was safe! Then he faintly away.

Barry Cartwright was the hero of the day, after all. He was a somewhat dandy, and his hair was a little bit dishevelled, and his hands were terribly bruised; but then a warrior must expect some bodily injuries. The boys looked about him and praised him until he was overwhelmed by his sudden popularity. The teachers called him a hero, and that confused him all the more. The Mr. Fleming thanked him so fervently that he scarcely knew the proud man in his sudden humility.

The battle was never finished. The Baron Kynphausen couldn't fight, and the Baroness Kynphausen was a sister who would have been willing to stand up against him, even in play.

Herbert went home with Barry, and

"I've caught a burglar down at my house!" he yelled. "I heard him moving about in the cellar and slipped down and locked him in. Send a policeman right away and get him."

"How long has it been, Mr. Skiplint," said the officer, "since you locked him in?"

"About half an hour."

"Is there no way for him to get out?"

"None at all. I fastened up the only opening the cellar has."

"Then you ought to have gone to the coroner," rejoined the officer. "If the man has been in your cellar half an hour, he must be dead."

praise.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Grateful Tramp.

Caustic Griffin (the tramp)—Madam, will you please give me a piece of the pie? I have not visited the part of the country last?

Housewife—No; go away, or I'll call the dog.

Tramp—Thanks, madam, thanks!

Housewife—And for what?

Tramp (satchel away)—For giving me another chance to live. I called for that pie with the intention of committing suicide, but now I feel a little fonder of life. Good-day, madam! (Lurches away.)

Entered mel what is that noise?

cried of Mr. Morgan, as a huge crash exploded beneath her window. "I don't know," said the innocent son and heir, who was responsible for the explosion, "unless it was sister Mary's bang you heard."—Harper's Bazar.

Yours truly, V. A. ANDERSON.

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